

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, &amp;c.

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## ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

**The Fatal Mistake,**

OR THE EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

'ALL aboard?' cried the hoarse voice of the Capt. as the last sound of the bell, borne by the breeze across the beautiful bay of B— died away upon the distant hills. No responsive voice being heard, soon the gallant ship General, with swelling canvass ploughed the foaming main. The passengers all stood on deck to catch the last parting adieus of their weeping friends, and as long as the features of a well known face could be distinguished, or the wave of a snowy handkerchief was visible—we seemed not to have parted. But these soon disappeared and as the distant spires of the goodly city grew more and more indistinct, the tears of many gushed to their eyes, and they turned away sorrowful, retiring to the cabin to commune with self in solitude.

There is a mixture of feeling that one experiences as he leaves his native land to visit other climes, which no pleasures—no dangers can obliterate. Is it sorrow? No. The cup is mingled. The draught at first may be bitter, but it brings with it its own antidote. If he feels pain, the thought of cities to be visited, scenes to be viewed, will drive away the dark shades of melancholy; but these soon return and like Banquo's ghost will not at his bidding flee. Perhaps he has left friends whose fond embrace he is destined never more to meet, and some presage of future trouble hovers around him. Perhaps, as he steals a look at a ribbin which hides its folds within his waistcoat, his cheeks are yet bedewed with virgin tears, from eyes that were wont to greet his presence with delight. Still the parting adieus of one fair soul rings in his ears and as he kisses a beauteous portrait, which he holds in his hand, he swears eternal constancy and fidelity to his lady-love.

I felt no such emotions. It was not my first voyage. Neither had I left any thing I was tenderly attached to. A traveler by profession—continually in search of something new—an ardent lover of nature's beauties—

possessing a disposition naturally romantic and poetic, I wandered here and there, inquisitive and curious often to a fault, I stood wrapt in my cloak to keep off the chill air of even, when all but myself had apparently retired from the deck. 'How glorious—how sublime!' exclaimed I involuntarily, as I beheld the splendid luminary sink behind the western wave, gilding the horizon with its bright and glowing colors. 'Truly sublime,' exclaimed one who till that moment had stood concealed behind the mainmast. On turning to see who the intruder was, I saw before me a noble looking youth, apparently just on the verge of manhood, tall and well formed, with a countenance, that bore the marks of sorrow, lit up by two black eyes that shone with dazzling lustre. 'You must excuse me,' said he, 'but I could not restrain myself, when I heard a remark so much in unison with my own feelings. I envy not the man who could be silent when gazing upon such an exhibition of the Almighty's power. Truly this must be a gala-day in other worlds—and see—yon moon is just rising to light up the feast—and the wind which we hear whistling among the sails, is but the echo of music that seraphs in other worlds are making.' At hearing such language, I stood amazed. Could it be that the form before me, built after nature's fairest model, could be the tenement of an unsettled mind—a disordered fancy. He probably imagined the dilemma I was in; for reaching out his hand and taking mine, in a more moderate tone, he said, 'I must a second time ask your pardon for having poured out my nonsense in your hearing; but I do believe that if you knew the exultant excitement I have been in for these last four weeks you would readily excuse any little eccentricities that I may have exhibited. But, Sir, it would but be troubling you and breaking open anew a wound which still rankles in my breast—so adieu—for this evening.' Thus saying with a slight obeisance, he glided below and I was left alone.

So unexpected had been his appearance—so abrupt and singular his conversation, that after his departure I found it impossible to collect my thoughts; so taking one more turn

upon the quarter deck, I also retired to drown all care and all reflections in the oblivious arms of Morpheus.

The next morning I looked around to discover the one who had excited my curiosity to such a degree the evening previous; meeting my eye, with a nod he convinced me that it was still fresh in his remembrance; but he rather eluded than encouraged any attempts to draw him into conversation. All the little civilities that were in my power I tendered to him. These were received courteously, but there was none of that confidence reposed in me that my curiosity urged me to desire. At times, as we sat upon the quarter deck enjoying the evening breeze, he would converse on foreign topics with great freedom, but a remark that referred at all to himself would be received with coldness, or utter silence. We stood on this situation to each other, when the Captain, informed us that—in three days we should probably be in sight of the white cliffs of merry England. That night, as we occupied our wonted seats, I ventured to remark to him, that I hoped we should often meet on our journey through life. 'Oh!' said he grasping my hand, 'your goodness quite overcomes me. Relying on your kindness I will confide that to you, which I intended should ever be buried in my own bosom. You will I know consider it sacred, and I may have the advantage of your advice.

'I am the only son of highly respected parents, who resided in one of the principal cities on the Atlantic. They died when I was quite young and left me a large fortune, which I was to be unlimited master of, when I should have attained to years of discretion. My uncle, under whose guardianship I was placed until that time should have arrived, was a good natured, indulgent man, who never contradicted me himself, nor suffered others to. At the age of 19 I entered one of the Northern Universities. The first two years passed away, and at their close I found myself more manly in appearance, a better judge of wine, and one that was generally considered a good fellow by all his companions. An event then occurred that materially altered my destiny for life. I was one day wandering through the

wood in search of game, when I passed a house that had hitherto escaped my observation.

'It was a small white cottage such as may be often seen in New England. A beautiful girl was in the porch watering the woodbines that clustered around that side of the house, and an aged woman was sitting down under the shade of an elm, watching her. Such beauty I had never seen—so graceful!—she had not the *en-bon-point* which those exceeding her in years possess; but there was a dignity about her that filled me with admiration.

'The next day I bestowed more than ordinary care upon my toilet, and again I strolled out determining to discover who this fair Hebe was, who was suffered to grow up in the shade unnoticed and unknown. How great was my disappointment at not being able to see her. The house presented the same beautiful appearance, but the blinds were closed and not a living being visible. Walking on, I entered a neighboring grove. There I saw one of my class in close conversation with the beautiful unknown. She was dressed in a plain white frock, and her angelic countenance seemed more beautiful than ever. I know not why it was, but rage and jealousy reigned in my bosom and made a perfect hell of it. The young man who was with her had been my dearest friend, and until that moment, God knows! I had loved him as myself. The next time I met him, I rallied him upon his beautiful dulcinea that he kept so concealed, that he might enjoy her loveliness alone. The blood flew to his countenance, as I reminded him of the interview I had accidentally witnessed. "So," said he, "you have taken upon yourself the office of a spy—it is well I know you—but beware how you cross my path if you value your life." With these words, he left me. I went to my room and sent him a challenge demanding either an apology or a meeting. He returned by the bearer the following note:—"Sir—you demand of me an apology or a meeting. The first I cannot make—the second, *Gentlemen* alone are entitled to. As such I can never consider you, and therefore I should but disgrace myself by yielding to your demands." Did you ever see turpentine or spirits thrown on a burning fire? if so, then can you form some slight conception of the state I was in. Previously I was boiling with rage, and this letter rendered me perfectly frantic. Placing a pair of pistols in my pocket, I sallied forth to his room. He was not in. Involuntarily I turned my steps towards the grove, where I had witnessed their interview.

'Ah! but too truly did I find him. He was there and not alone, I heard him say as I approached—"Shall I hear you stigmatized—opprobrious epithets applied to you, and not avenge it?" "Yes," said I, as I broke in—"Liar, coward, villain!—how dare you insult me, by sending me this note?—Think not that

the presence of your paramour can screen you!" Thus saying, I struck him. He turned pale and returned the blow. The lady, with a scream that recalled us to ourselves, fainted. "This must not be," said he—"wait but a moment and I will meet you here." Taking her in his arms he bore her to the cottage. Ah! how did I envy him, as I saw him carrying along her pale, lifeless form. Soon he returned and attempted to speak. "I wish for no explanations," said I—you have insulted me and now I wish for an opportunity to wipe out the stain." He opened his mouth—"Coward," vociferated I, now interrupting him, "take that," handing him a pistol. "Look to yourself," said he, as he raised it. We fired together. A ball grazed my head taking away with it a lock of hair. My antagonist fell—I ran to him—the ball pierced his heart. That recalled me to my senses. In a moment it seemed as though a new light had broken in upon me—I appeared in my true character—as a murderer—the base assassin of my friend—he whose encouraging voice had urged me to pursue the paths of rectitude, and whose friendly warnings had never been wanting when needed. For a moment I stood like one paralyzed, then taking him in my arms I ran to the cottage—Ah! never, if I live to the age of Methuselah, shall I forget the heart rending shriek the fair tenant uttered as she saw me approaching with my burden. "Oh Henry—Henry!—speak are you dead?—Oh who has killed my Brother?" cried she.

'But little remains to be told. She was his Sister. They were orphans. Wishing to have her near him, that he might superintend her education, he had engaged lodgings for her—with the old lady who owned the place. Knowing the licentiousness that prevailed among the young men, and not wishing to have her pure mind contaminated by their conversation, he had refrained from mentioning his secret to any one. Alas! he perished with it. To escape imprisonment, I have fled the country, and shall endeavor to drown all recollection of the past by visiting new scenes. At times it seems as though the murdered corpse of my friend stood before me, and, pointing to his wound, he cries, "I will yet be avenged."—God only knows the torture I endure!

Such was his tale—and I should have deemed it rather improbable had it not been sustained by facts, which he mentioned, connected with persons that I was acquainted with. His modest demeanor endeared him to me—and I determined that when we arrived on Terra Firma—we should not separate; but no entreaties could persuade him to remain with me. With my blessing I left him at Liverpool, he to pursue his way and I mine.

SIXON.

Amherst College.

## Theresa.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

'THERE are individuals doomed to misfortune, and such is my destiny.—There must be, among the general ill-luck, some one, who is the unluckiest of them all: I am that one. To be banished from Vienna before the new ballot, and simply for being absent from my quarters without leave—what I have done fifty times before with impunity! And now for Colonel Rasaki as though he had hoarded all the malice of his life for a moment—to hold forth on the necessity of strict discipline; and to awaken me from the prettiest allegory of the West-wind suddenly being personified by Mademoiselle Angeline, with an order from the Emperor to try the air of this old castle—as if I were a ghost or a rat, and could possibly be the better for dust, rust, damp, and darkness.'

Count Adalbert walked up and down the gloomy chamber which had been hurriedly prepared for his reception.—The high and narrow windows had been built as if quite unconscious of their proper destination, and excluded the light and air as much as possible; still, many of the panes having been broken, little streams of the rain, now beating against them came driving in; and a variety of small zephyrs, in the shape of draughts, did any thing but add to the Count's comfort. Half a tree would not have sufficed to fill the ample hearth on which could just be perceived a flickering flame, almost lost in the immense volumes of smoke that rolled into the room, like waves on a beach; Adalbert rushed in despair into the outward hall, which was inhabited by one or two antique servitors, who still remained in the large, but ruinous building.

The sight of the old woman, whose wrinkled visage had driven him away in the first instance, might be shut out; but the smoke could not. Down he sat on a wooden stool, which must have been the first attempt ever made at a seat; so irregular were its shape and movements. This he drew to a table whereon a most disconsolate supper was spread; twice the visitor looked down, to see whether he was cutting the meat or the wooden trencher.

Like most other young men, Count Adalbert had relations who conceived they knew better what was good for him than he did himself; and his uncle—whose experience was certainly very efficacious as a warning, and who believed that an error was easier to be prevented than remedied; on perceiving the young Count's predilection for the prettiest dancer that had ever illuminated the horizon of Vienna, deemed that some *rouleaux*, and even a diamond necklace, would be saved by his nephew's being introduced to the historical records of his family, in which the old Castle of Arcenberg occupied a distinguished place. Advantage was accordingly taken of a slight breach of military observance, and the delin-



quent forced to leave Vienna at a quarter of an hour's notice—quite unsuspecting how active his uncle had been for his good. Had Adalbert been aware of this most fatherly act, it is probable his guardian would have more than shared the execration which the exile lavished in his inmost heart on fate, Colonel Rasaki, nay even on the august person of the Emperor.

A long ride had completely fatigued him, and he resolved to postpone his discontents.

'I shall have time enough to grumble,' thought he, as he followed the lighted pine-splinter—the only taper the place afforded—to the state chamber. The moths flew out of the tapestry as he entered—they had half devoured the court of Solomon, no more 'in all his glory'; the green velvet hangings of the enormous bed had shared the same fate; and Adalbert was again driven to the hall, where he fell asleep, thinking of suicide, and awoke dreaming of Angeline, whose image, however, instantly took to flight before the melancholy reality of the old castle.

Yet, a week had not elapsed before Adalbert thought the said castle very well for a change, and the neighborhood delightful. The truth is, he had fallen in love—as pleasant a method of passing time in the country, as any young gentleman could devise.

Wandering in search of the beauties of Nature—(people who have nothing else to do, become picturesque in self-defence)—he met with one of her beauties indeed, the loveliest peasant girl that ever 'made sunshine in a shady place.' A scarlet cloth cap, trimmed with fur, partly covered a profusion of the hair, which was parted on the soft forehead, and fell in bright and natural ringlets on the neck; her dress was of grey serge, and short enough to show a foot and ankle such as not even the rude country shoes could disguise; her cheek had the bright beaming crimson of early youth and morning exercise; and her deep blue eyes shone with the vivacity of uncurbed gaiety and unbroken spirits. She came along, bearing a willow basket of wood-strawberries, and wild blossoms, with a dancing step, and a lively song on her lips, singing in the very gladness of her heart.

The strawberries led to an acquaintance—Adalbert was thirsty, and Theresa (for such was her name) generous; she divided her fruit with the stranger, eagerly pressing the best upon him, in all the frank and earnest good nature of a child. She was too simple, and too much accustomed to meet with kindness from every one to be bashful.

They arrived at the cottage, where Theresa's mother made Adalbert as welcome as herself; and in a few days, whether seated by her side, as she turned the spinning-wheel of an evening, or with her when wandering in search of wild flowers and fruit, the contented exile and the

beautiful peasant were constantly together. The dame was exceedingly quick in observing their love, which she seemed to consider quite natural. Though very ignorant, she had seen something of society beyond their own valley, and its peasantry, and at once discovered that the Count was their superior; but the goodness and loveliness of her child, entitled her, in the old woman's eyes, to be a princess at least.

Theresa was the most guileless creature, and had never dreamt of love till she felt it; the world to her was bounded by the wild moor and deep wood which surrounded their cottage. The only human beings she had ever beheld were the ancient domestics at the Castle, and a few of the peasants far poorer than themselves; for they had many comforts, which their neighbors eyed with suspicion and some envy. Learning she had none, for neither mother nor daughter could read; but knowledge she had acquired. She knew all the legends and ballads of the country by heart; these gave their poetry to her naturally vivid imagination; and the imagination refines both feeling and manner. Having lived in absolute seclusion, she had nothing of that coarseness caught from familiar intercourse unrestrained by the delicacies of polished life. Her companions had been the bird and the blossom, her songs, and her thoughts; and if the poet's dream of unsophisticated, yet refined nature, was ever realized, it was in that sweet and innocent maiden. Her love for Adalbert, was a singular blending of childishness and romance; now her inward delight would find vent in buoyant laughter, and the playfulness of a young fawn bounding along the sunny glades of a forest; but oftener would she sink into a deep and tender silence—as if conscious that a new and even fearful existence had opened upon her—and gaze in his face, till her eyes were averted to conceal the large tears that insensibly gathered in them. They had been acquainted with each other one whole fortnight, when the old priest of Hartzburg was called upon to marry the handsomest couple that had ever stood before the image of the madonna!

If we did but know how we rush into one evil while seeking to avoid another, we should have no resolution to shun any thing. Could Count Von Hermstadt have anticipated that the fascinating dancer was far less dangerous than the then unknown peasant, his nephew would never have been ordered to the Castle of Arenberg. Little either could he dream that the incognito he had himself enjoined, would have been found so useful and agreeable by his nephew. For Count Von Hermstadt though very willing that Adalbert should take the Emperor's displeasure for granted, was not desirous that others of a court where the sovereign's favor was every thing, should likewise take it for granted.

The first three weeks of Adalbert's married life passed very delightfully away; his position

was one of such complete novelty; the cottage really was pleasanter than the castle; and if Theresa's beauty might have been a model for a painter, as the sweet colors flitted over her face, in like manner the many emotions that now disturbed the calm of a mind hitherto so tranquil and so glad might have been a study for a philosopher. But Adalbert's previous habits had been ill-fitted to make their present state one of security—nay his very youth was an obstacle; for in youth it seems so natural to love and be beloved, that we know not how to value as we ought, the first devotion of the entire and trusting heart. Moreover, he had lived in a world of sarcasm; and Theresa's ignorance, which now they were by themselves was but a source of amusement, would as he was aware, have been fertile matter of ridicule in society—ridicule too which must have reflected on him. Besides, all the prejudices of ancestry had, from infancy been engrafted on his mind—and he would as soon have thought of throwing his companion in the river, on whose waters they were gazing, each on the mirrored face of the other, as of presenting her at Vienna. And yet that would have been the more merciful sacrifice. What was life whose affections were wounded, and whose hopes were destroyed? And such was the life to which Adalbert was about to leave her. It came at last.

Mademoiselle Angeline's engagement had now drawn to a close; the manager offered to have the stage paved with ducats if she would but give him one night more—the tenth muse was inexorable; and the day she departed for Paris, Adalbert received his recall to Vienna. To say he felt no regret, would be doing him scant justice—to say he felt much would be more than the truth. Once or twice he thought of taking Theresa with him; but from this step he shrank for many reasons, not the least of which was that a lingering impulse of good forbade his transplanting the pure and beautiful flower to wither and die in the thick, and blighting atmosphere of the city; besides, he should often be able to visit Arenberg. He told them of important business—of a speedy return—and said all that has been so often and so vainly said in the hour of parting. He threw his horse's bridle over his arm and Theresa walked with him along the little forest path which led to the road.

Adalbert was almost angry that she showed none of the passionate despair whose complaints he had nerved himself to meet; pale, silent, she clasped his hand a little more tenderly, she gazed on his face even more intently than usual; and yet these tokens of sorrow she seemed trying to suppress. It never entered her imagination that any entreaty of hers could alter their position—that any prayer could have prolonged Adalbert's stay for an

hour; but every effort was directed to conceal her own grief; she felt so acutely the least sign of his suffering, that she only wished to spare him the sight of hers. At last he mounted his horse—once he looked back—Theresa was leaning against the old oak tree for support, watching his progress—she caught his look, and as she interpreted it into an intention of returning, she held out her hands, and he could see the light come again into her eyes and the color to her cheek, while she sprang forward breathless with expectation; he however averted his head, and spurred his steed to its utmost swiftness; he did not see her sink on the earth—the strength which had sustained her had gone with her husband.

Youth's first acquaintance with sorrow is a terrible thing—before time has taught what it will surely teach, that grief is our natural portion, at once transitory and eternal. But the first lesson is the severest—we have not then looked among our fellows, and seen that suffering is general; and we seem marked out by fate for misery that has no parallel. Theresa felt more acutely every hour, how wide a gulf had opened between her present and past existence; her girlhood had passed forever; she took no pleasure in any of her former pursuits; she had put away childish things; and nothing had arisen to supply their place, save one memory haunted by one image. Days weeks elapsed, and Adalbert had returned not—her sleep was broken by a thousand fancied terrors; but one fear had taken possession of her mother Ursaline's mind—that the stranger was false; and bitterly did she lament that she had ever entrusted him with the happiness of her precious child.

'And yet I did it for the best!' she would piteously exclaim, whenever her eye fell on the pale cheek of her daughter.

[Concluded in our next.]

## COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### The Bay of New-York.

WHERE is there a gayer sight than the harbor or bay of a commercial city? Tell me, thou most extensive of all travelers, thou most fashionable of all tourists, most adorable Trollope, for thou hast seen every thing that woman hath ever seen, and more than man hath; is there in the inhabited or uninhabited earth, in civilized or uncivilized lands, a sight more fatal to all kinds of *ennui*, from the peevish restlessness of a city lady's *soul*, to the disciplined inquietude of a dandy's *heart*, than a commodious harbor of salt water, washing the docks of a great city? True it is, our American harbors cannot all claim the distinguishing prefix of commercial. There are hundreds of broad, beautiful bays sweeping in the green coasts that bound river and sea,

over whose bright surface the tall ship never casts the shadow of her symmetrical proportions, and whose pebbly shores are never visited by the noisy swell of the steam-boat. But even these possess charms; charms which speak to the soul with a silent energy and entice the stranger to push off in the homely bark of the fisherman, to enjoy the undulatory motion of the glassy waves, and view the reflection of trees and hills and skies, softened by the blue shade of the waters, and appearing like another, fairer world beneath the mirror element on which he floats. Yet there are no antiquities around many of these; no moss covered Abby lifts its grey pinnacle among the trees, no mouldering castle lines the hills with the ruins of strength and magnificence. Here and there in some few instances, mounds, vast and venerable mounds appear; but science has shed no light upon their origin, and mystery rests upon them, undefined, vague, and affecting none of those tender sympathies, which the relics of a people, whose character we know, never fail to call forth. They are like the pyramids of Egypt, and though we stand at their base with awe, and gaze with wonder, yet do we realize none of those tender feelings which link our hearts to the ruins of Grecian and Roman art, or to the dilapidated monasteries and castles of the dark ages. Nature has however suffered little invasion from man in this new world. Cities are growing up all over the western continent, but the forest grows thickly between and around them. By the by, reader do you not dislike to see a tree cut down? Is it not sad to see a tall, regal tree, which has stood nearly a century, the monarch of the forest, hewn by the murderous axe, and dragged to the earth? Yes, the limbs which bade defiance to wind and lightning, which sheltered the countless birds of the wood and overshadowed the panting cattle, and the mighty trunk, which upheld the majestic superstructure, brought thundering to the ground, to build a log hut for some churlish peasant, or perhaps, which partly extenuates the sin of its destruction, to form a part of some noble ship?—apropos, that brings me back to harbors again—the reader will pardon the digression, for digression is all the fashion in these times. I may entertain the reader with a chapter on this very subject at some future period.

Tell me, Mrs. Trollope, does any Bay, save the Bay of Naples, exceed the Bay of New-York? I will admit that Naples possesseth a glorious sheet of water, and that under a pellucid sky, and a full orb'd moon it doth verily glow like a burnished shield of gold. But there is more of strength with us, if not so much of beauty. And we will throw into the balance the vast superiority of those splendid specimens of naval architecture which move over the Bay of New-York, to the painted

sails and finical craft of Naples, and lovely Trollope, thou wilt admit our equality. But a truce with comparisons. Who is sick, who labors under indigestion, who lacketh appetite, who is troubled with the blue devils, let him cross and recross the bay of New-York, and if its grandeur, variety and beauty do not cure him, then set me down for another Dr. Dodimus Duckworthy, and let Mrs. Trollope castigate me in her next production as a lying American. Start then, thou pale invalid, not for Italy; it will empty thy purse, and affect thy morals; but start for our own glorious Bay. Dash away over the salt water and snuff the breeze that comes from the sea, curling and heaving the billows in its course. How like a bower appears the Battery behind thee. Forts, and Islands, and the old ocean, and ships of every nation are around thee. There goes the heavy Dutchman, under his clouds of sail, half concealed by the smoke of his farewell gun. Hither comes a beautiful Havre packet. You can easily tell the dignified form of her commander, and look at the groups of passengers whose anxious eyes are turned to the fair Manhattan, the island queen, the delight of cities. Yonder like a courser upon the race ground, a schooner bounds by you from 'down east,' and who but Brother Jonathan himself stands at the helm, with that mingled expression of shrewdness, confidence and decision; and who but a yankee sailor is lying in the shrouds reading so intently; and there is that *sine qua non*, the cook, his wooly head peering from the cuddy stairs, and his eyes rolling like a top. But there, nearer the narrows, is the pride of the wave. It is that large, majestic vessel, with the regular rows of *squares*, and a banner with stars and stripes displayed upon her rigging. A barge is leaving her side, the manly forms of genuine tars bend to those oars, and a proud little *middy* is sitting at her stern.

Go, ye disconsolate, go to New-York Bay.  
Y.

## TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the London Morning Chronicle.

### London.

WHEN a stranger from the provinces visits London for the first time, he finds a vast deal to astonish him, which he had not previously calculated upon. Before he sees it, he has formed his own ideas of its appearance, character and extent, but his conceptions, though grand, are not accurate; so that when he actually arrives within its precincts—when he is driven for the first time from the Exchange Charing Cross—he is generally a good deal amazed, and in no small degree stupified. London can neither be rightly described as a town, nor as a city. It is a nation—a kingdom in itself. Its wealth is



that of half the world, and its amount of population that of some second rate countries. Its conventional system of society, by which the human being is rounded down like a pebble in a rapid river, and its peculiarities of different kinds mark it as quite an anomaly; something to which the topographer can assign no proper title. London was originally a town on its own account. It is now occupied of the cities of London and Westminster—the latter having once been a seat of population on its western confines—beside a number of villages, formerly at a distance from it in different directions, but now engrossed within its bounds, and only known by the streets to which they have communicated their appellations. All now form one huge town, in a connected mass, and are lost in the common name of London.—By its extensions in this manner, London now measures seven and a half miles in length, from east to west, by a breadth of five miles from north to south. Its circumference, allowing for various inequalities, is estimated at thirty miles, while the area of ground it covers is considered to measure no less than 13 miles square.

\*The increase of London has been particularly favored by the nature of its site. It stands at the distance of sixty miles from the sea, on the north bank of the Thames, on ground rising gently towards the north; and so even and regular in outline, that among the streets, with few exceptions, the ground seems perfectly flat. On the south bank of the river the ground is quite level; and on all sides the country appears very little diversified with hills, or any thing to interrupt the extension of the buildings. The Thames, which is the source of greatness and wealth to the metropolis, is an object which generally excites a great deal of interest among strangers. It is a placid, majestic stream of pure water, rising in the interior of the country, at the distance of a hundred and thirty-eight miles above London, and entering the sea on the east coast about sixty miles below it. It comes flowing between two fertile banks, out of a richly ornamented country on the west, and arriving at the outmost houses of the metropolis, a short way above Westminster Abbey, it pursues a winding course between the banks thickly clad with dwelling houses, manufactories, and wharves, for eight or nine miles, its breadth being here from a third to a quarter of a mile. The tides affect it for fifteen or sixteen miles above the city: but the salt water comes no farther than thirty miles below it. However, such is the volume and depth of water, that vessels of seven or eight hundred tons reach the city on its eastern quarter. Most unfortunately, the beauty of this exceedingly useful and fine stream is much hid from the spectator, there being no quays or promenades along its banks as is the case with the

Liffey, at Dublin. With the exception of the summit of St. Paul's the only good points of sight for the river are the bridges, which cross it at convenient distances, and, by their length, convey an accurate idea of the breadth of the channel. During fine weather, the river is covered with numerous barges or boats of fanciful and light fabric, suitable for quick rowing; and by means of these pleasant conveyances, the Thames forms one of the chief thorough-fares.

\*London consists of an apparently interminable series of streets, composed of brick houses, which are commonly four stories in height, and never less than three. The London houses are not by any means elegant in their appearance; they have, for the most part, a dingy ancient aspect; and it is only in the western part of the metropolis that they assume any thing like a superb outline. Even at the best, they have a meanness of look in comparison with houses of polished white free stone, which is hardly surmounted by all the efforts of art and daubings of plaster and stucco. The greater proportion of the dwellings are small. They are mere slips of buildings, containing, in most instances, only two small rooms on the floor, one behind the other, often with a wide door of communication between, and a wooden stair with balustrades, from bottom to top of the house. It is only in the more fashionable districts of the town that the houses have sunk areas with railings; in all the business parts they stand close upon the pavements, so that trade may be conducted with the utmost facility and convenience.

\*The lightness of the fabric of the London houses affords an opportunity for opening up the ground stories as shops and warehouses. Where retail business is carried on, the whole of the lower part of the edifice in front is door and window, adapted to show goods to the best advantage to the passengers. The London shops seem to throw themselves into the wide expansive windows, and these, of all diversities of size and decoration, transfix the provincial with their charms. The exhibition of goods in the London shop windows is one of the greatest wonders of the place. Every thing which the appetite can suggest, or the fancy imagine, would appear here to be congregated.—In every other city there is an evident meagerness in the quantity and assortments.—But here there is the most remarkable abundance; and that not in isolated spots, but along the sides of thorough-fares miles in length. In whatever way you turn your eyes, this extraordinary amount of mercantile wealth is strikingly observable; if you even penetrate into an alley, or what you think an obscure court, there you see it in full force and on a greater scale than in any provincial town whatsoever. It is equally obvious to the stranger, that there is here a dreadful struggle

for business. Every species of lure is tried to induce purchases, and modesty is quite lost sight of. A tradesman will cover the whole front of his house with a sign, whose gaudy and huge characters might be read without the aid of glass at a mile's distance. He will cover the town with a shower of colored bills, descriptive of his wares, each measuring half a dozen feet square, and to make them more conspicuous, will plaster them on the very chimney tops, or what appears a very favorable situation, the summit of the gable of a house destroyed by fire, or any other calamity calculated to attract a mob. In short there is no end to the ways and means of the London tradesman. Their ingenuity is racked to devise schemes for attracting attention, and their politeness and suavity of manners exceeds almost what could be imagined. Yet it is all surface work. Their civility is only a thin veneering on the natural character; for, after pocketing your money, they perhaps care not though you were carried in an hour hence to the gallows. But why should we expect any thing else? It would be too much for human nature. The struggle which takes place for subsistence in London is particularly observable in the minute classification of trades, and the inventive faculty and activity in individuals in the lower ranks. Money is put in circulation through the meanest channel. Nothing is to be had for nothing. You can hardly ask a question without paying for an answer. The paltriest service which can be rendered is a subject of exaction. The shutting of a coach door will cost you two pence; some needy wretch always rising up as if by magic, out of the street, to do you this kind turn. An amusing instance of this excess of refinement in the division of labor, is found in the men who sweep the crossing places from the end of one street to another. There crossings are a sort of hereditary property to certain individuals. A man having a good deal the air of a mendicant, stands with his broom, and keeps the passage clear; for exercising which public duty, the hat is touched, and a hint as to payment muttered, which, in many cases, meets with attention; for there are a number of good souls who never miss paying Jack for his trouble. We happen to know a gentleman who never passes one of these street sweepers without laying a contribution into the extended and capacious hat.

\*This constant thorough-fare on the pavements of the city always forms a subject of wonder and curiosity to the stranger. When the town is at the fullest in the winter and spring, the pavement is choked with passengers, all floating rapidly on the streams in different directions, yet avoiding any approach to confusion, and in general each rounding any difficult obstruction in the way, with a delicacy and tact no where else to be met with.

Many of the strangers who arrive in London from the country are possessed with dreadful notions of the dangers to be encountered in all directions when walking along the streets. In their youth they have carefully perused a copy of 'Barrington's New London Spy,' a work, which, as a matter of course, horrified them with accounts of ring droppers, cut purses, foot pads and others who subsist by way-laying simple passengers. Before they leave home they sew up their money in the lining of their clothes, and resolve never to show more than six pence at a time—in public. They also determine to have all their eyes about them wheresoever they go, and make up their minds never to appear astonished at any thing, lest they be singled out for robbery, and perhaps murder. Catch them, if you can, going any way, but in the main lines of the street; the Strand and Fleet streets are their regular beat, and they would as soon think of crossing the deck of a line-of-battle-ship in the time of action, as to venture through any of the narrow streets or short cuts. No, no; they know better than to do this.

Strangers make a serious miscalculation when they imagine that they are to be annoyed or plundered in the streets of London. These streets are now as well regulated as those of any town in the empire, if not better, and no one is liable to interruption and spoilation unless he courts the haunts of vice, or remains out at improper hours. You may at all times of the day walk along without suffering the slightest molestation. Nobody will know that you are there. In the midst of the dense and moving crowds, you are as much solitary as in a desert. You are but an atom in the heap; a grain of sand on the sea shore. It is this perfect seclusion that forms one of the chief charms of a metropolitan life. You depart from a retired part of the country where you cannot stir out unobserved, and plunging into this overgrown mass of humanity, you there live and die unobserved and uncared for.

### MISCELLANY.

#### Crossing the Delaware.

ELI MOORE, Esq. delivered an admirable oration at New-York, on the 22d of February last, in which he happily introduced the following description of the Crossing the Delaware by Washington and his troops.

'Is no one instance, perhaps, was Washington's influence with the army so strikingly exemplified, as in his attack on the enemy at Trenton. O'er and o'er have I listened with intense anxiety, in the days of my boyhood, whilst my now departed sire, who fought and bled on that proud field, recited with thrilling interest all that related to the enterprise. It was on a December night (would he say) when our little heart-broken army halted on the banks of the Delaware. That night was dark—cheerless—tempestuous—and bore a strong

resemblance to our country's fortunes! It seemed as if Heaven and Earth conspired for our destruction. The clouds lowered—darkness and the storm came on apace. The snow and the hail descended, beating with unmitigated violence upon the supperless, half-clad, shivering soldier—and in the roaring of the flood and the wailings of the storm, was heard, by fancy's ear, the knell of our hopes and the dirge of liberty! The impetuous river was filled with floating ice—an attempt to cross it at that time, and under such circumstances, seemed a desperate enterprise—yet it was undertaken, and thanks be to God and Washington, was successfully accomplished.

'From where we landed, on the Jersey shore, to Trenton was about nine miles, and on the whole line of march there was scarcely a word uttered, save by the officers when giving some order. We were well nigh exhausted, said he—many of us frost bitten—and the majority of us so badly shod that the blood gushed from our frozen and lacerated feet at every tread—yet we upbraided not, complained not—but marched steadily and firmly, though mournfully onward, resolved to persevere to the uttermost;—not for our country—our country, alas! we had given up for lost. *Not for ourselves*—life for us no longer wore a charm—but because *such was the will of our beloved Chief*—'twas for Washington alone, we were willing to make the sacrifice. When we arrived within sight of the enemy's encampments, we were ordered to form a line, when Washington reviewed us. Pale and emaciated—dispirited and exhausted—we presented a most unwarlike and melancholy aspect.—The paternal eye of our chief was quick to discover the extent of our sufferings, and acknowledge them with his tears; but suddenly checking his emotions, he reminded us that our country and all that we held dear was staked upon the coming battle. As he spoke we began to gather ourselves up and rally our energies; every man grasped his arms more firmly—and the clenched hand—and the compressed lip—and the steadfast look—and the knit brow—told the soul's resolve.—Washington observed us well; then did he exhort us with all the fervor of his soul. "On yonder field to conquer, or die the death of the brave."

'At that instant the glorious sun, as if in prophetic token of our success, burst forth in all his splendor, bathing in liquid light the blue hills of Jersey. The faces which but a few moments before were blanched with despair, glowed with martial fire and animation. Our chief with exultation hailed the scene; then casting his doubts to the winds, and calling on the "God of battle" and his faithful soldiers, led on the charge. The conflict was fierce and bloody. For more than twenty minutes not a gun was fired—the sabre and the

bayonet did the work of destruction; it was a hurricane of fire, and steel, and death.—There did we stand, (would he say) there did we stand, "foot to foot, and hilt to hilt," with the serried foe! and where we stood we died or conquered. Such was that terrific scene.

'The result of that action, gentlemen, is known to you all—as is also its bearings upon the fortunes of America. Had defeat attended our arms at this trying crisis, our cause was lost, forever lost—and freedom had found a grave on the plains of Trenton! But the wisdom and prudence of Washington secured us the victory—and consequently our liberty.

'How great our obligation then, and how much it behoves us at this time, to show our gratitude by erecting to his memory a monument, that shall tell to after ages, not only that Washington was great, but that *we were grateful*! Let it no longer be delayed. To pause is to invite defeat—to persevere, to insure success.'

#### Wolcott and Griswold Families.

BETWEEN the Wolcott and Griswold families, two of the most ancient and respectable families in Connecticut, there existed a remote relationship. Ursula Wolcott, afterwards the wife of the first Governor Griswold, was a lady of superior intellect and accomplishments, and perhaps unequalled in the state for sagacity and shrewdness. Notwithstanding the superiority of her endowments, and the shining excellence of her character, she remained unmarried until about the age of thirty. Finding it at length indispensably necessary to turn her attention to matrimony, or become in fact, what she already was in name, an old maid, she remarked to her friends that she had determined on spending a few weeks at Lyme, for the purpose of courting her cousin Matthew.

On her arrival at Lyme, she found her cousin Matthew, who was also considered an old bachelor, more disposed to devote his attention to his Coke and Littleton than to his cousin Ursula; but she was determined at all events to bring him to the point. She occasionally would meet him in the hall or on the stairs, and after carelessly passing him turn around and eagerly inquire, '*what's that you said?*' to which he would reply, that he had not said any thing. After several unsuccessful attempts to make him understand, she met him one day on the stairs, and after making the usual inquiry and receiving the usual answer, she hastily replied, '*well I think its time you had.*' Matthew could not avoid taking the hint, and a short time after they became one of the most happy and respectable couple in Connecticut.

For the accuracy of that part of the foregoing anecdote which is presented for amusement, we do not vouch.—That Mrs. Griswold was a



lady of superior intellect and of great sagacity is unquestionable; and that talents and genius are not unfrequently transmissible from generation to generation, may be inferred from the fact that she formed a link of connection between the two families mentioned, which, between the years 1754 and 1817, furnished five out of eleven Governors of that State, who bore to her the respective relations of father, husband, brother, son, and nephew. They were all distinguished for unbending integrity and exalted talents. Her father was the Hon. Roger Wolcott—her husband is named in the anecdote—her brother, the Hon. Oliver Wolcott, sen.—her son, the Hon. Roger Griswold—and her nephew, the Hon. Oliver Wolcott, the younger, who died in New-York a few days since. One of her uncles, the Hon. Erastus Wolcott, was Lieutenant Governor of that State, and the late Alexander Wolcott, Esq. who was nominated by President Madison to be a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, was also her nephew. A great number of the collateral members of the two families held honorable and responsible offices, and were distinguished for superior abilities and attainments.

### Jealousy.

THERE is a love which displays itself by a fretful and pettish jealous, which cannot bear a wandering eye or a roving thought, which seems to fear the loss of its victim in every movement that it makes; and there is also a love stronger, perhaps, in one sense, and in another, weaker, which cannot be jealous if it would, which is strong in its own confidence, and confiding in its own strength—which will not believe its own senses which, instead of seeing that which is invisible, is totally-insensible to that which is staringly and outrageously visible.

### Domestic Happiness.

Who that has ever traveled in the country, that has gazed with delight upon the romantic and variegated scenery there presented, has not witnessed in the course of his travels the delight and happiness which cluster around the humble firesides of frugal farmers? You may 'pause amid the wrecks of time' and the monuments of by-gone days, view with astonishment and surprise the splendid and massive specimens which mark the onward progress of the sciences and arts, clamber the snow-capt summits of Himmaleh, pierce the interminable beds of ice that cluster around the poles, bask in an Italian sun, or revel, in all the sweets of a torrid or a more temperate zone. These may carry a momentary thrill of joy to the soul, but compare them to the bliss and happiness which are included in the hut of the honest cottager, and they are annihilated like the mist before the rising sun. O, it is sweet to the

laborer, after the fatigues of the day are past and night throws her sable veil over nature, to partake of his homely fare in the presence of a wife and children whom he loves, and in the bosom of that hallowed circle 'to teach the young idea how to shoot,' and to watch the buddings of the infantile mind!—it is more sweet than to repose on beds of down, and to revel in luxuries torn from the bosom of innocence and extorted from the widow and orphan. It is in contemplating such a scene that the mind finds itself constrained to say, 'that if perfect happiness dwells in sublunary regions, this must be its abode and seat.'

### Familiar Address to the old Armchair.

On! receive me, thou who hast welcomed, with open arms, in joy and sorrow, the generations that are past. Ah! how often has a swarm of children clustered about this patriarchal throne! Here, perhaps, in gratitude for her Christmas-box, with the warm, round cheek of childhood, has my beloved piously kissed the withered hand of her grandsire. Maiden I feel thy spirit of abundance and order rustle round me,—that spirit which daily instructs thee like a mother, which bids thee spread the neat cloth upon the table and strew the sand upon the floor.—Goethe.

A LATIN SPEECH.—On the occasion of an actor's benefit, at a provincial theatre in England, the night was exceedingly tempestuous, the rain fell in torrents, so that he had a very thin house. Having in his part to recite a few words in Latin, he spoke the following in the most doleful accents instead:

'O! raino, nighto!  
Spolio, beneficio, quitoo!'

IGNORANCE OF FEAR.—A child of one of the crew of his majesty's ship Peacock, during the action with the United States vessel Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by the destruction and death around him, he persisted, till a cannon ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat; when seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, 'Now I've caught you.'

## The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1833.

POEMS.—Proposals have been issued by Isaac T. Hopper, No. 386, Pearl-Street, New-York, for publishing by subscription the Poems of the late Ann Catharine Hazard, who was for several years Principal of Friends Monthly Meeting School in that city. A. C. Hazard was a member of the Society of Friends, and received her education at their Boarding School at Nine-Partners. She was a native of the village of Athens, where she resided in the early part of her life, and has no doubt left friends both here

and at Athens to whom she was deservedly dear, and who would be glad to see the productions of her pen collected together in a handsome volume, and to possess themselves of the work, both on account of its intrinsic merit and as a memorial of the departed.

Subscriptions for the above work received at A. Stoddard's Bookstore.

THE LITERARY REGISTER.—We have received the first number of a semi-monthly periodical bearing this title, published at Elyria, Ohio, by A. S. Park. It is neatly printed, on good paper, in the quarto form, and afforded at the low price of One Dollar per annum.

### Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, adding Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

G. Sibley, Athol, Ms. \$1.00; J. D. Standish, N. Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; G. C. Lawrence, N. Springfield, Vt. \$1.00; W. Hunt, P. M. Hastings, N. Y. \$5.00; W. Hotchkiss, Chester-town, N. Y. \$5.00; A. Tupper, S. Venice, N. Y. \$1.00; I. Haight, Dutchess, N. Y. \$5.00; O. P. Starkey, P. M. Cape Vincent, N. Y. \$2.00; S. T. R. Cheney, P. M. Jamaica, Vt. \$1.00; V. A. Morey, Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; D. Degarmo, Farmington, N. Y. \$1.00; G. H. Butts, New Lisbon, N. Y. \$0.87½; M. Wilber, Havana, N. Y. \$1.00; A. Seaman, Milford Center, Ms. \$5.00; W. Stevens, Shushan, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. Exerts, P. M. Ira, N. Y. \$2.00; H. Fitch, Burr's Mills, N. Y. \$4.00; D. Carshore, P. M. Chatham, N. Y. \$4.00; J. McKinstry, Livingston, N. Y. \$3.37½; E. L. Hebard, P. M. Marey, N. Y. \$1.00; S. Clesson, P. M. East Ridge, N. Y. \$10.00; J. Hunt, Northampton, Ms. \$1.00; P. L. Taylor, Providence, R. I. \$7.50; A. E. Steel, Lockport, N. Y. \$1.00; A. Ford, P. M. Red Rock, N. Y. \$5.00; I. Bowers, Caledonia, N. Y. \$1.00; L. Bigelow, West Boylston, Ms. \$0.87½; M. Leet, P. M. West Meredith, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. Mygatt, Danbury, Ct. \$1.00; M. Hathaway, New Bedford, Ms. \$1.00; C. Eddy, Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; W. Curtis, Marion, N. Y. \$0.75; A. P. Miller, Galatin, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. Draper, P. M. Spencer Ms. \$2.00.

### SUMMARY.

A large party of the Oneida Indians, under the charge of the agent, Mr. Savage, left Buffalo a few weeks since for Green Bay, in the schooner Globe. They numbered in all, men, women and children, 145—were well provided with every thing necessary to render them comfortable in their new habitation, and seemed happy in the prospect before them.

There are two ships on the stocks near Portland (Me.) building side by side—one of which has received the name of Major Jack Downing, and the other the President!

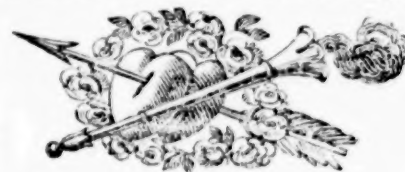
Calvin Edson, the living skeleton, visited Rochester, a few weeks since. He is two pounds lighter than what is stated in the bill—can eat heartily—lift two hundred weight and enjoys his health uninterruptedly.

The sale of public lands in the territory of Michigan during the quarter ending the 29th June, amounted to \$205,000.

It is stated in a late London Magazine, that after a long interval, Miss Edgeworth is about to favor the world with another romance. She has sold the copyright for £1,000. The scene of the story is laid in Ireland.

A Chain Saw has been invented by Mr. P. P. Quimby, of Belfast, Me. The teeth are riveted together and the saw is placed round a cylinder in a groove.

Of the eleven Governors of Massachusetts since the adoption of the Constitution in 1780, the present incumbent is the only one living. New Hampshire has had twelve Governors since 1792, nine of whom are still living.



### MARRIED.

In Spencertown, on the 3d inst. by Albert Cole, Esq. Mr. Benjamin F. Soule to Miss Hannah Like, all of the above place.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Joel Osburn, Mr. Milton Niles, merchant, to Miss Christina Pratt, widow of the late David Pratt, all of Spencertown.

### DIED.

In this city on Saturday last, Mr. William F. Hardick, in the 50th year of his age, one of the first settlers of this city.

On the 4th inst. George, son of George Alger, aged 4 years. Another Revolutionary Patriot gone. In Chatham, on the 2d inst. Mr. Elijah Cady, in the 57th year of his age.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## To Miss \*\*\*\*\*.

I do not wish, that thou mayst shine,  
In halls of dazzling glare,  
Nor pass along life's rapid stream,  
Like meteors thro' the air.

I do not wish that thou mayst be,  
The gayest of the gay,  
Nor glitter like a butterfly,  
The being of a day.

But, oh! I wish, that thou mayst live,  
A being pure and bright,  
As angels that surround the throne  
Of God's eternal light.

And, oh! I wish when life has fled,  
And thou from earth hast gone,  
That thou may'st rest, in heav'n above,  
The Christian's happy home. PATRICK.  
*Chagrin, O.*

For the Rural Repository.

## The Freshet.

It rains—it rains!—how prettily  
Descends the falling shower!  
On village green and country mead,  
On forest, grove and bower!  
No voice of love, of joy is raised,  
The little birds are still,  
While softly falling is the rain  
On verdant plain and hill.

It rains—it rains!—the shining trout  
Is sporting in the tide,  
While down the smoothly gliding stream  
The summer barges ride;  
'Tis pleasant now to see it fall,  
With renovating power,  
On ev'ry verdant, living thing—  
O, 'tis a lovely shower!

It rains—it rains!—the time was once  
We had but pleasant showers;  
But now when'er the rain begins,  
We count not time by hours:  
Whole days it lasts—whole weeks it lasts,  
We well may add whole years;  
Nor will it cease, altho' our peace  
Is swept away by tears.

It rains—it rains!—our streets are now  
For ships a good high-way!  
Had we a fleet, we'd make retreat  
And climb a stack of hay!  
But stacks of hay are on the way,  
All manned by sheep and pigs—  
Had they but masts with sails unfurled,  
They'd pass for British Brigs.

It rains—it rains!—the tow'ring oak  
Is wading to its middle—  
No jester cracks one witty joke,  
Nor Minstrel tunes his fiddle—  
Pale is each horror-stricken phiz,  
To see the moving flood  
Extending wide, o'er harvest plains  
And ev'ry lowland wood.

It's raining still!—we know full well,  
But we are growing weary—  
Still to the eye the murky West  
Presents a prospect dreary:  
Should we continue weeks to come  
To eke out by our pains  
A tiresome song, we could but still  
Repeat, it rains—it rains! M. L. F.  
*Henrietta, August, 1833.*

## The Battle of Trenton.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'FRONTIER MAID.'

WILD was the night, and roaring wide  
Roll'd on Delaware's stormy tide,  
The drifting ice from side to side  
Driving and crushing restlessly.

Then, through the wintry tempest's moan,  
Flourished the swelling trumpet tone,  
Their little barks, the host unknown  
Are launching forth impetuously.

Of o'er the flood was heard the roar,  
As thro' the drift some barges bore  
With clanging axe and crashing oar,  
Bursting their way resistlessly.

For high the chieftain's signal bright,  
Blazed ahead, and who to-night  
Would tamely lag behind that light  
That leads to death or victory.

O! what's this lonely martial power,  
That in this wild, unwatched hour,  
While darkness and wild tempests lower,  
Puts forth so stern and fearlessly?

'Tis Liberty's last hope below,  
Thro' flood and storm they seek the foe,  
To strike the bravest, mightiest blow  
That e'er was struck for Victory.

This awful hour the die is cast,  
For Trenton they are toiling fast,  
When every heart must bleed its last,  
Or save expiring Liberty.

Loud was the storm o'er all the land,  
And cold it swept the darksome strand,  
When, struggling from their barks, the band  
Mustered in dread serenity.

Then roar'd a shot!—who would not die,  
To mix with hearts so bold and high?  
For 'Battle!—Battle!'—was the cry,  
That thunder'd loud and cheerfully.

'On' was the word—and grim and dread,  
While all is silent as the dead,  
Save the quick march's hurried tread,  
The host is rushing rapidly.

What do yon glimmering watch-fires tell?  
What distant sounds so faintly swell,  
What lonely voices cry 'all's well,'  
Amid the night's solemnity.

Huzza!—'Tis Trenton!—Hark that cry—  
That shriek of death!—The pickets die;—  
A foeman's trump is pealing high!  
His drums are rolling furiously.

'On! on!—we conquer or we die,'  
Was WASHINGTON'S resounding cry,  
And glorious was the glad reply,  
The shout of 'Death or Victory.'

O, Charge! Charge! on!—The strife is o'er,  
Swell, swell, the bursts of joy once more—  
Shout it to every sea and shore,  
The morning sun of liberty.

Millions, 'mid tyranny's alarms,  
Shall start to hear that music's charms,  
And shouting thousands shine in arms,  
To rival Trenton's Chivalry.

From the Knickerbacker Magazine

## Oh, gaze upon yon brilliant star.

BY E. C. LINDEN, GENT.

Oh, gaze upon yon brilliant star,  
And give a thought to one,  
Who, though in distant lands afar,  
Will sigh for thee alone.  
And thou wilt not forget the hours  
Which we have spent together—  
Moments like sun-shine, mid the showers  
That fall in wintry weather.

Oh, gaze upon its lovely light;  
A cloud is gathering o'er it;  
Our fortune was but now as bright,  
And sorrows now obscure it.  
But see, the cloud hath passed away,  
It shines as bright as ever—  
Farewell—I can no longer stay—  
We part; but not forever.

## The Evening Cloud.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,  
A gleam of crimson ting'd its braided snow;  
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,  
On the still radiance of the Lake below.  
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow;  
Even in its very motion there was rest;  
While every breath of eve, that chane'd to blow,  
Wafted the traveler to the beauteous west.  
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!  
To whose white robe the dream of bliss is given  
And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
Right onward, to the golden gates of Heaven  
Where to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,  
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

## Enigmas.

1. Why is punishment like the third part of grammar?
2. Why is an apothecary's scales like a half-bushel?

## WANTED

At this Office, a smart, active lad, from 12 to 14 years of age.

## THE RURAL REPOSITORY

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